THE NATION

NOVEMBER 7, 1959 . . 25c

MURDER by the MODERATES

How Congress Killed Civil Rights

Wayne Morse

HIGH COST of FREE TV

George A. Codding, Jr.

SORCERY AND FLYING SAUCERS

David Cort

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LETTERS

"The Shame of New York"

Dear Sirs: I have read the special issue of *The Nation* entitled "The Shame of New York". . . . This is a sobering and thought-provoking piece. The material in it is impressively presented.

I, of course, have no direct knowledge of some of the facts which are set forth, but the entire picture, as it is drawn, is one which must deeply concern every New York citizen. I and many people in the so-called reform movement have been trying to draw attention to some aspects of the situation outlined in the article. . . .

I do not agree with the remedy that is prescribed, for I feel that the Democratic voters of New York City can take care of this situation themselves. I am confident that they will.

HERBERT H. LEHMAN

New York City

Dear Sirs: I read "The Shame of New York" with deep interest. Frankly, I am delighted that you are exposing conditions that have cried for remedy for so many years. . . . "The Shame of New York" certainly gives invaluable ammunition to those who believe that there is no possible cure except the voting out of corrupt Democratic leadership from its present control of city government.

STANLEY M. ISAACS
Minority Leader, City Council

New York City

Dear Sirs: I read "The Shame of New York" with great care and found it to be extraordinarily interesting. While I do not agree with all of the facts, I think that the objective of the article is good — at least insofar as it may awaken public interest in the situation. I am not, however, sure that a "Seabury investigation" is called for.

FRANCIS W. H. ADAMS
Former Police Commissioner, N.Y.C.

New York City

Mr. Trumbo, Lancer

Dear Sirs: One hopes those who assemble anthologies for school and college use, either in English courses or in the social science curriculum, will not overlook the magnificent commentary on our society by Dalton Trumbo (Oct. 24).

It is rare these days to find so sharp a lance laying open the carbuncles on the body politic. But then, it is not often, either that a writer greviously ill-used by society is presented an opportunity for such sweet revenge.

FREDERICK B. SWEET

Cincinnati, O.

Reminiscent

Dear Sirs: Plaudits for . . . Gene Marine's brilliant study of Caryl Chessman's treatment by the California judiciary in your October 17 issue. Governor Brown's handling of this *cause célèbre* is appallingly reminiscent of the manner in which a former Governor of Massachusetts, who also had his eye on the White House, ignored evidence obviously sufficient to create a "reasonable doubt" and permitted two men to go to the electric chair. . . .

ERIC A. SEIFF

New York City

It Needed Saying

Dear Sirs: I was greatly impressed by Emile Capouya's "On the Art of Book Publishing" in the October 24 issue. That has needed saying for a long time and was very well said.

R. V. CASSILL

New York City

Evils of ROTC

Dear Sirs: Referring to your October 24 issue—"Failure of a Mission" by Gene M. Lyons—There were a couple of evils of ROTC not mentioned, namely: (1) scheduling of ROTC classes and drills during the most convenient class hours and (2) the extra parades, etc., which are not on schedule, causing ROTC students to seek release from other classes.

S. BROOKS WALTON
San Jose State College

Saratoga, Calif.

Mr. Jefferson's Slip

Dear Sirs: With all deference for Jefferson, it must be recognized that the "pursuit of happiness" phrase was a . . . philosophical slip of the pen. On the basis of the slip, an imponderable deal of nonsense in the national life has been justified and has gone unrebuked. George P. Elliott (*The Nation*, Oct. 3) does an excellent job of rebuking; but perhaps you will permit me to supplement his argument with one which I used in the past on college classes:

Prof: We would appear to believe that the attainment of happiness is the proper goal of life?

Class: Yes, yes.

Prof: And that the attainment of this happiness is closely connected with the achievement of material possessions?

Class: Yes, of course.

Prof: In fact, we might almost say that the achievement of the possessions and the happiness are indistinguishable, the same thing?

Class: Yes, indeed.

Prof: And it is certainly a demonstrable fact that the United States has the highest material standard of living that the world has ever known?

Class: Oh, yes, no doubt of that.

Prof: Fine, all agreed. Now then, tell me please, how many happy people do you know?

Class: ————————?

HERBERT L. SMITH

Morro Bay, Calif.

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VOLUME 189, No. 15

THE NATION

EDITORIALS

Unanimity, in Principle

In the nature of its business, the United Nations is a forum not likely to be mistaken for a ladies' garden club or a convocation of the Society of Friends. It is a place of collision, and all one can say is that it is better for Henry Cabot Lodge and Vassily V. Kuznetsov to exchange recriminations, or even vituperations, than for their respective missile men to exchange warheads over the sea. Yet on October 28, in the General Assembly, not only did Mr. Lodge and Mr. Kuznetsov jointly sponsor a resolution, but they were joined by the entire membership, so that the gallery witnessed a spectacle as strange as the back side of the moon — eighty-two self-seeking, wrangling nations for once in unanimous agreement. In fact, they all sponsored the draft—an unprecedented occurrence, which fits in very well with Jane Stolle's optimistic picture of the U.N. elsewhere in this issue (see page 328).

There was, of course, good reason for the phenomenon. The resolution expressed the hope that measures leading to "general and complete disarmament under effective international control" would become effective "in the shortest possible time." What it meant was that the delegates, and their policy-makers back home, had their ears to the ground. Peace is the most popular word in every language, all over the world, and every statesman wants to be on record as favoring it. The peoples may not know how to get it, but they know what they want, and the lawgivers must listen.

The Big Should Be Magnanimous

Three of the smallest producers in the steel industry —Kaiser with 2 per cent of production, Detroit Steel and Granite City Steel each with 1 per cent—have indicated a willingness to grant a wage increase to the Steelworkers Union without raising prices (although unwilling to make a firm commitment not to increase prices later). The companies insist that the basis of settlement is non-inflationary in effect. These firms are not merely small in relation to the giants, but they are among the less efficient producers in the industry.

The Kaiser settlement points the way to resolution of the vexatious "2-B" issue — the work-rules provisions of the contract — by agreeing to hold it in abeyance while a joint committee, during the course of the agreement, conducts a review. The difference here is between Kaiser's willingness to deal with work rules in a specific manner, issue by issue, as against big steel's adamant insistence that the matter be settled in the abstract, as a question of power or prerogative.

It is no secret that some of the Big Twelve would be willing to adopt Kaiser's formula on 2-B were it not for prior commitments to U. S. Steel, Republic and Bethlehem to stand firm. The whip which these giants can crack over the smaller, less efficient producers is sufficient to hold most of them in line. As one of the few integrated plants — i.e., one with its own ore supply — on the West Coast, Kaiser is in a somewhat preferred position; Detroit and Granite City are simply not large enough to be of interest to the great producers. But even if they are in a special category, it is none the less significant that three of the smallest companies in the industry have proven themselves to be more generous than the low-cost giants. The big are usually the magnanimous but not, it would seem, in the steel industry.

Bolt in Reverse

Senator Strom Thurmond, who bolted the Democratic Party in 1948, has threatened a "massive new bolt" in 1960 unless the nominees and platforms are acceptable to the Dixiecrats. As a bolter, the Senator is small beer compared to certain Northern right-wing malcontents who gathered in Chicago last week and came out resoundingly for (1) abolition of the federal income tax; (2) cessation of all federal aid to states, including farm supports; (3) repeal of the Reciprocal Trade Act; and (4) severance of diplomatic relations with the Soviet Union. But even Senator Thurmond's position, relatively moderate compared to that of Chicago's wild men, did not get much support last week at the Southern Governors' Conference at Asheville, where the delegates exhibited little enthusiasm for a bolt, massive or otherwise.

True, South Carolina's Governor Ernest F. Hollings tried to drum up sentiment for secession. But rightly or wrongly, the Southern Governors are convinced that no dramatic action on their part will be necessary, since they believe it isn't within the realm of political realism that the Democrats will choose a "left-wing liberal" —

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i. e., a strong proponent of civil rights — in 1960. Paul Butler? Our correspondent on the scene reports: "Most Southern Governors say: 'Oh, Butler has to talk civil liberties in order to appease the liberals and keep his job. In the end he'll back a candidate acceptable to the South.'"

Obviously, the Southern Governors have concluded that Senator Humphrey cannot be nominated; that Kennedy, Johnson and Symington would be equally acceptable; and that even Adlai Stevenson could be supported on the basis of his "moderate" stand to date on civil rights. With the Dixiecrats exhibiting this mood of contentment, and the Northern right-wingers having committed themselves to a program that can rally only the fringe of the fringe, it is difficult to take Senator Thurmond's threats of a "massive new bolt" very seriously. If, however, the Democrats *do* nominate candidates and adopt a platform acceptable to the Dixiecrats, the threat of a "massive bolt" might become very real indeed. But it would not be a bolt of the Dixiecrats.

Chinese Fireworks

The Chinese are traditionally great noisemakers; their New Year's Day celebrations, with the papier-mâché dragons and loud firecrackers, are a staple of American journalism. The use of noise as an instrument of diplomacy is, however, a recent Red Chinese innovation the end of which we have not yet heard. It is connected with American policy in the United Nations. Once again we have blocked the admission of Red China to the U.N. — a recurrent diplomatic triumph which becomes more Pyrrhic each year. We managed to drum up the necessary majority despite twenty-six abstentions, including such dear allies as Britain, France, Belgium and Portugal. What preceded and followed is as if the Chinese Reds said, "Very good, if you can't see us, maybe you can hear us." They began with a few shells lobbed over at Quemoy and Matsu which, being a habit of long standing, registered as only a feeble demonstration. They stepped up the decibels at Laos, but this was still a small bang. Next Tibet, and here the thunder began to roll. By now nobody ignored the Chinese. They were still not at the limit, however; the encroachments on India's frontier shook the earth, and showed what Chinese revolutionaries were capable of in their noise technology. Where neither Laos nor Tibet were clear-cut U.N. issues, this one certainly was, and we may assume that the creation of the crisis was no accident. It also shows that the Chinese Reds are completely ruthless in their determination to be heard and recognized. They are just as ready to shoot their friends as their enemies — the noise, in the former case, may be even louder.

All this is morally indefensible, but it points up the folly of keeping a Great Power out of the United Nations and assuming it is thereby disposed of. If China — the real China — were a member of the United Nations it could be brought to book in some fashion, and perhaps in time it would mend its ways. As things are, we can only expect more noise — and it will not be harmless.

Panache

Except perhaps for the panzer corps of General Rommel, the most formidable personal instrument the allied commanders had to counter in World War II was the self-esteem of Charles de Gaulle. The General has since explained that, modest by nature, he adopted a calculated tone of personal glory to compensate for the distinct lack of national glory that then depreciated his country in the world's eyes.

The logic would be plausible, except that the Cyrano style persists. A dispatch to *The New York Times* late last week reports that the Paris theatre critics delayed their notices of Giraudoux's *Electra,* revived by the Comédie Française, at the request of the President's office. General de Gaulle was to attend a gala performance on the following night and it was felt, so the *Times* correspondent explained, that reviews in advance might rob the occasion of "the luster that the Presidential presence is supposed to give it." There was no suggestion that General de Gaulle planned to arrive at the theatre on horseback.

Stanton in the Augean Stables

It may be said on behalf of Dr. Frank Stanton, president of the Columbia Broadcasting System, that at least he has taken cognizance of the mess on the air waves, while his fellow network presidents try to pretend that nothing much has happened. But that is about all that can be said. Dr. Stanton's proposed reforms are all right as far as they go, but they don't go very far; he proposes that the routine technical deceptions of radio and television (hereinafter to be referred to jointly as radio, since television is merely visual radio) are to be disallowed. No more canned applause, no more pretense that interviews are unrehearsed when the stilted intonations of the participants clearly indicate the opposite, no more quiz shows. Radio will be like the politician's life: an open book. But this is only compounding fraud with hypocrisy. The fact is that the broadcasting kilo- and megacycles, ostensibly the property of the public, have been usurped by as scurvy a crew of quacks and confidence men as the nation has seen since the days of Teapot Dome. What if the big-money quiz shows were fixed? They were no more crooked than the commercials that were interspersed between the rigged questions and answers and the mugging of the contestants, no more misleading than the commercials still heard night and day. Did Marconi, Fessenden, De Forest, Armstrong, Zworykin

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and thousands of engineers and inventors labor to the end that the medicine show should be brought from the vacant lot into the living room? The radio magnates must think so; no other assumption fits the facts. If he is sincere, Dr. Stanton has taken on the task of cleaning out the Augean stables. It will not be done with a garden hose, as George A. Codding, Jr., implies elsewhere in this issue (see page 329).

The Halfback Is Worthy of His Hire

"New York City Wooing Army Football," read the headline heralding last Saturday's West Point-Air Force Academy game. It was revealed, before the clash, that Mayor Wagner, the great apostle of metropolitan culture, had been responsible for bringing the magnificent contest to Yankee Stadium. This he accomplished not so much by the well-known mayoral charm as by money. At first it was planned to rebate the city's 5 per cent amusement tax on tickets, but this was found to be illegal. The amount of the rebate would have been $15,000, so Hizzoner decided to take the $15,000 out of the City's Department of Commerce promotion fund and present it to the Military Academy. "It's a darned good investment," the Mayor said. "The city will return $15,000 in admission taxes and will receive some $9,000,000 spent in business by the visitors." They spent, sure enough. The airlift bringing the players and the supporting air cadet contingent from Colorado darkened the New York skies. The main party, arriving Friday afternoon, prepared for its heroic hour by an overnight stay in the Spartan surroundings of the Westchester Country Club. It included the superintendent and his entourage, the cadet cheer leaders, erudite faculty members and a task force of trained falcons. (The air footballers are called the Falcons.) A glorious time was had by all. But now that it is all over, including the shouting, two questions obtrude themselves. By what authority does one governmental body dole out largesse, even in the trifling sum of $15,000, to another governmental body? And if this is all in good order, and football is a business entitled to get its funds where it can, why does the National Collegiate Athletic Association place on probation two erring institutions, Wyoming and Montana State College, for violating rules on recruiting and financial aid to athletes? If the Military Academy won't play in New York unless it gets that rebate, what's the inconsistency in these western universities, or for that matter the Military Academy, paying for its athletes? Is not the halfback worthy of his hire? It will be hard to teach the boys otherwise.

THE SIEGE AT HIGHLANDER . . *by Dan Wakefield*

MRS. SEPTIMA CLARK is sitting in a courtroom this week in Grundy County, Tennessee, guilty of engaging all her life in such curious practices as teaching the poor to read, write, vote and earn a living, teaching Negroes and whites to live and work together in peace and brotherhood, and spreading the gospel of love and non-violent action. These alarming activities have not been carried on by Mrs. Clark alone, but by a number of her friends and coworkers at the Highlander Folk School, which sits on a wooded mountain top in the Cumberlands, at Monteagle, Tennessee. The state is attempting to close the school permanently on the grounds that it is a "public nuisance," a place where a "boisterous, noisy, rowdy, and drunken crowd makes a habit of gathering and becoming drunk," and where people "drink and engage in immoral, lewd, and unchaste practices." More to the point of the state's desire to lock up the school is that Negroes and white people live and study there together, and, as some of the local patriots have explained, "That mountain wasn't made for niggers."

The "Whites Only" sign that God put on His mountain has not yet been seen by the people of the Highlander Folk School.

Last week Septima Clark, director of education at Highlander, came North with two leather bags full of papers and tape recordings of the preliminary hearings that were held in Altamont, the county seat, on September 14-16, as a result of which the school's main building has been temporarily padlocked. Mrs. Clark met with interested groups of people in New York, Connecticut and New Jersey, hoping to raise public support in advance of the final hearings that opened this week in Grundy County on the petition of District Attorney General A. F. Sloan for the closure of the entire school.

Some of the informal meetings Mrs. Clark came North to address were arranged by a Highlander committee in New York City, some by interested people who had heard about the case and called up friends and neighbors to gather in homes and hear the story told by Mrs. Clark and the recordings of the earlier hearings.

ABOUT twenty friends and neighbors came to hear Mrs. Clark at the home of Kay Boyle, in Connecticut, assembling in the dining room to listen to the story that seemed so remote from the warmth of the house, the people, the late autumn afternoon sun, the steaming coffee. Mrs. Clark began by telling a bit about the history of Highlander, and

DAN WAKEFIELD, author of Island in the City (*Houghton Mifflin*) *is a frequent contributor.*

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its founder and president, Myles Horton.

"Myles Horton was a poor mountain boy from the Cumberlands," Mrs. Clark explained. "But he worked hard and studied and got scholarships and went to the Union Theological Seminary and the University of Chicago and then a year in Denmark. He got an idea for a school, and he had this dream—the dream of Negroes and whites living and working together in brotherhood."

Myles Horton came back from Europe to the Cumberlands in 1932, and was given one building and forty acres to begin his school. It was during the depression, and he tried to help the mountaineers, Negroes and whites alike, find a way to make a living. His mother taught weaving and sewing at the school, and Horton taught skills and crafts to farmers who could no longer make a living off the land. In the middle thirties, trade unions started bringing people there to meet and hold discussions and workshops, and in 1938 the first Negroes came to join in classes along with whites. In surrounding Grundy County, with a population of 12,000, nearly all white, the school first gained a "subversive" reputation for being "mixed up with unions" and then, more seriously, for allowing Negroes and whites to meet together.

MRS. CLARK spoke briefly about recent work of the school: workshops for Negroes and whites to discuss citizenship and cooperation (one student of these sessions was Rosa Parks, who left Highlander and became one of the key leaders in the Montgomery bus boycott) and the extension of its program to the people of the Sea Islands off the coast of Georgia and South Carolina. These people, mainly Negroes, live in weather-beaten shacks in dilapidated villages long neglected by the outside world (the people of Daufuskie, one of the islands near Savannah, still must pay $100 for a visit from a doctor, and the island can only be reached by motorboat) except for Highlander Folk School and Septima Clark. With the backing of Highlander, Mrs. Clark organized adult schools for reading, writing and citizenship on the islands. Since the program began, 619 Negroes on John's Island alone learned to read and write and pass the requirements for voting registration, as have hundreds of others on the surrounding islands, and in Charleston. A South Carolina paper reports that the past two years saw the largest number of Negroes to register for voting in the area since Reconstruction.

IN TELLING this history, Mrs. Clark did not tell about herself. What I know about the life and work of Septima Clark I know from having read a remarkably beautiful article in the *Catholic Worker* by a young woman named Judith Gregory, who worked for a while with Mrs. Clark at Highlander and on the Sea Islands. Judith Gregory wrote:

> Mrs. Clark is a remarkable woman, a great leader in the South. Her father was a slave on the plantation of Joel Poinsette. He was a young man during the Civil War and after the war he settled in Charleston. Mrs. Clark grew up there, and after finishing high school became a school teacher. She got a college degree after twenty years of summer school, then took an M.A. at Hampton and Columbia. After the Supreme Court decision of 1954, South Carolina refused public employment to any member of the NAACP. Mrs. Clark tried to persuade Negro leaders to resist, and herself was seen on the platform at an NAACP meeting, and lost her job as a teacher, just a year or two before retirement. . . .

Mrs. Clark did not mention any of that; when you get your B.A. in America by going twenty years to summer school, you most likely lose the need for self-flattery. Mrs. Clark spoke briefly of how she and three white men were arrested this July 31, when a party composed of twenty state troopers, deputies and a cameraman and reporter from the Chattanooga *Free Press* marched into the Highlander grounds and buildings to search for liquor (Grundy County is dry) and, in the course of their duties, ripped up workshop notes, tore pages from a book by Martin Luther King, and confiscated a personal letter, a billfold, cash and credit cards. Mrs. Clark briefly summarized this, and then asked for the tapes of the hearings to be put on.

Since we have gone in big for "social criticism" by way of cultural commentators, perhaps someone will someday make an LP record of selections from these tapes of the hearings. It would, at a modest minimum, tell us more about the state of American society in 1959 than the monologues of Mort Sahl. It contains all the voices of the South: the rage, the love, the hate; the bitterness and bravery; the frightening ignorance and honesty and pride.

THERE was the voice of state witness May Thomas, a woman who had once been ordered off the property of Highlander on suspicion of theft from its residences, and was actually arrested for stealing in the town several months ago. (All but two of the state witnesses had records of arrest or imprisonment.) May Thomas testified that she had once seen a Negro man and a white woman having sexual intercourse in the school library. Only, at the time she cited, the library had not yet been built. When the defense attorney, Cecil Branstetter, asked her where her son was, she said he was in Nashville. The attorney asked her what he was doing in Nashville, and her voice blared back, raspy with anger and pride:

"He's in the state prison, but he's not there for no communism."

Dr. Wilfred Owen, head of the theology department at the University of the South, at nearby Sewanee, Tenn., testified that he had never seen drunkenness, immorality, rowdiness or the sale of liquor on his visits to Highlander; that he once was served beer at a social gathering where the guests had their choice of beer and orange juice. In a voice low and solid and quietly challenging, Dr. Owen said of the school's reputation in his own town that "Some people in Sewanee disagree with integration of any sort, or improving racial relations. . . . " and added that it was these considerations that gave the school its "bad reputation."

There came after a while the weary, bruised voice of Miss Vera McCampbell, who had gone to workshops at Highlander and, after the Grundy County *Herald* had run a picture of her attending a meeting there with Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt,

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was attacked by the local American Legion. The Legion protested to her employer, the local school board, which ordered her never to set foot on the grounds of Highlander if she wanted to keep her job. She refused to agree, and after thirty-four years of teaching in the county was retired "with no reason given." A. F. Sloan, the attorney general of Tennessee's eighteenth judicial circuit, asked her if she didn't understand that the school had a bad reputation. She replied that "reputation is what people say we are, character is what we know we are," and that the same thing applied to Highlander, which people accused of "integration and communism" because they thought something bad would happen when people of different races got together.

The drawling, thick, deliberate voice of John Clark, who had worked as a night watchman at Highlander, came on, and as the attorney general railed and rose against him, he slowly, steadily spoke back as if he were weighing each question and recording its answer for no less high a tribunal than that of the Last Judgment. His words were spoken as if he were carving each letter in wood with a penknife. Asked why Highlander had such a bad reputation, he said of the people who talked that way that "They don't like the colored folks — that's the main issue."

The attorney general "accused" John Clark of having received help from Myles Horton, and Clark admitted it was true that Myles Horton had indeed helped him when his wife was ill and he was out of work: "He's been nice to me and he's been nice to the county. Lots of them that's agin him he's accommodated time after time."

At the end there was the voice of Attorney General Sloan, pleading that the judge lock up the school and eliminate this public nuisance. Sloan's voice, choking with rage and almost indistinguishable, roared out that Highlander Folk School was "an integrated whorehouse."

He rested his case and then Judge Chester C. Chattin summed up. He said that the state had failed to prove anything except that beer had sometimes been sold in the main building of the school, and since the sale of beer without a license was illegal, he would order the main building temporarily padlocked. In rendering his judgment, Judge Chattin said: "Sometimes I wonder at the power of somebody to do something to a human being. Sometimes I shudder at what I have to do to enforce the law."

His voice, slow and gracious and tired, was the voice of Southern gentlemen like Judge Curtis Swango, who presided at the Emmett Till murder trial in Sumner, Mississippi; the voice of all those in the South who are caught in the maelstrom of hate that swamps their land, and trying to hold their heads up in it and speak from its depths of honor rather than its depths of fear.

IT WAS over then; the machine was turned off, and there were only our own voices, and Mrs. Clark's. She was saying that she hoped when it all was over she would be able to invite the attorney general to come to some of their workshops and see for himself what Highlander was really like. She smiled, recalling how he had shaken his finger and yelled at her in court, and how she later shook his hand; and she told her friends she felt no bitterness toward him.

"I knew he was all stirred up inside. I could see the veins sticking out in his neck, and I thought to myself, that man won't even be able to digest his dinner tonight. Me, I went home and ate hearty as you please."

Now she is back there, along with Myles Horton and all the others, fighting to continue the work that the state has found such a "nuisance." We are left, those few of us who heard Mrs. Clark and her recordings, with the haunting recollection of the voices, speaking even now in a county courtroom in the Cumberlands, determining whether or not the active practice and teaching of equality and brotherhood is "legal" in the heart of America in 1959.

HOW CONGRESS KILLED CIVIL RIGHTS

MURDER by the MODERATES . . *by Wayne Morse*

A LITTLE more than two years ago, the United States Senate was engrossed in the consideration of what was widely advertised as the first legislation bearing the name of civil rights to reach the final stages of Congressional action since 1871.

Among both liberals and conservatives, among all who believe that the Constitutional rights of Americans must be more than *pro forma* rights, the enactment of a civil-rights bill of some kind became an overriding objective — indeed, became more important than what was in it. As a result the major sections, designed to protect and further the voting and other rights of Negroes, were stripped from it on the Senate floor on the ground that to leave them in would mean a Southern filibuster and perhaps no legislation at all.

The first to go was Part III of the House-passed bill, which would have enabled federal law-enforcement agents to institute proceedings for preventive relief, including injunctions, on behalf of the victims of segregated schools. By that decision, the Senate removed the segregation issue entirely from the legislation, confining it to voting rights.

The pending bill still authorized the Attorney General to seek preventive relief where deprivation of the right to vote appeared imminent;

WAYNE MORSE is the Senior Senator from Oregon.

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but where the preventive relief was obtained through injunction or similar court order, the Senate bill guaranteed that violators, who would then stand in criminal contempt of court, would get a jury trial.

These were the controversial parts of the 1957 civil-rights bill. Also included in it were a provision for a Civil Rights Study Commission, which was to study and collect information on civil-rights violations, and another for an additional Assistant Attorney General to handle civil-rights cases in the Justice Department.

This was the legislation which the Senate was urged to approve as being a milestone in the advancement of civil rights in America.

As it turned out, I was the only Northern Democratic Senator to vote against it. Explaining my vote, I said at the time:

> It is said that half a loaf is better than nothing, but I question whether in this bill there is even half a loaf. A year or two of delay in enacting a true civil-rights bill could very well improve the quality and substance of the measure enacted. In contrast, I fear that once a bill bearing the name "civil rights" is enacted, it will not be possible for many years to obtain further Congressional action on the subject.
>
> Even the voting-rights section of the bill has been weakened to the point where its enforceability is in doubt. The interposition of a jury in voting-rights contempt-of-court cases weakens that section and further detracts from the independence of the judiciary. . . .
>
> We have a solemn obligation to enact legislation whose promise brings fulfillment, not bitter frustration.

Now, two years later, the Civil Rights Study Commission, which was considered by many to be the major feature of the Civil Rights Act of 1957, has made its report on the state of voting rights in the nation and upon the degree to which existing law protects those rights.

The commission finds that since enactment of the 1957 civil-rights law, the Department of Justice has instituted three suits to protect the suffrage. One of these was dismissed because the board of registration involved in the case resigned, leaving no one to sue; another was also dismissed, but is now on appeal; the third is still pending. Said the commission:

> In short, no one had yet been registered through the civil remedies of the 1957 Act.
>
> Class suits on behalf of a number of Negroes to obtain registration have rarely been successful. The courts have inclined to the view that these suits are of an individual nature, with the result that a vast number of suits may be necessary. . . .
>
> It [the commission] finds that the existing remedies under the Civil Rights Act of 1957 are insufficient to secure and protect the right to vote of such citizens.

IN JANUARY, at the start of the succeeding (86th) Congress, Senator Douglas of Illinois introduced in behalf of a group of Senators, including myself, a bill authorizing the Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare to prepare school-desegregation plans, or to extend advice and information on the subject to communities, and granting financial aid to school districts to help them meet the costs involved in desegregation.

On July 15, the Constitutional Rights Subcommittee of the Senate Judiciary Committee, under the chairmanship of Senator Hennings of Missouri, approved a two-part civil-rights bill. One part extended the life of the Civil Rights Commission for two years; the other provided for retention by local officials of federal election records and their production, on demand, to the Attorney General or his representative.

After several meetings, the full Judiciary Committee failed to bring a favorable report on this bill. Senator Hennings then offered the bill, plus six other civil-rights measures, as amendments to S.1617, a bill already on the Senate calendar, which set out certain rules for federal-state legislative jurisdiction over federally owned lands. S.1617 was reported out of the Senate Government Operations Committee, but upon adjournment of the Senate it was left on the calendar, along with the Hennings amendments.

On the final day of the session, I introduced the legislative recommendations of the Civil Rights Commission, which called for retention of voting and registration records; the appointment of federal registrars where local registrars discriminate against Negroes; authorization for the commission to aid in formulation of desegregation plans and, upon request, to serve as a mediator; and penalties for failure of election officials to carry out their duties.

My proposals, along with those of Senator Hennings, as well as several other versions of these bills, now go over to the next session of Congress. The two-year extension of the life of the commission was the only "civil rights" measure adopted at the first session, and Congress adjourned with a promise upon the lips of the leadership on both sides of the aisle that the close of the Lincoln Day holiday next February would be the time for civil-rights legislation to be brought once again before the Senate.

How this is to be done, and what measure is to be considered, remain unknown.

ONE OF MY principal reasons for opposing the adjournment of Congress on September 15 this year was the fact that Congress was walking out on the recommendations of the Civil Rights Study Commission for further legislation to protect the right to vote. In effect, Congress walked out on the Fifteenth Amendment, just as it had two years earlier. And I do not think it is an exaggeration to say that this latest failure to deal with a basic issue was due to the original passage of a bill which (except for the creation of the civil-rights commission) was toothless and meaningless. For once a statute dealing with a highly inflammable problem is put on the books, further consideration is in most cases forestalled for years.

Because civil rights is probably the most inflammatory domestic issue on the Hill, every Congress tries to avoid facing it. It involves vast political implications and extreme points of view which themselves are but reflections of the economic and social changes that could well result from the free exercise of the franchise by Southern Negroes.

Consideration of a civil-rights bill often means hard words and hurt

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feelings, displayed in public and for the record; it means prolonged debate or even filibuster, and wounds to both parties, especially to the Democratic Party. Now, with a bill bearing the civil-rights label already on the books, the rolling ball has been stopped, and great new effort will be needed to put it in motion again.

A second reason for the failure to date of the 86th Congress to deal with the issue was the liberals' surrender, at the start of the session, on Senate Rule 22 — the "filibuster" rule. The 1958 election gave the Democrats two-thirds of the Senate and almost the same margin in the House — the heaviest majority in more than twenty years. A reinforced liberal wing then started out boldly in January to revise Rule 22, preparatory to consideration of a new civil-rights bill; but most of the troops melted away the moment they were presented with a revised rule which offered a distinction without a difference.

Thus right at the start of the 86th Congress it was apparent that the influx of Northern Democrats would not necessarily mean a strong or persistent insistence upon civil-rights legislation. Unhappily, too many liberals in the present Congress have displayed a tendency to settle for labels regardless of content, not only on civil rights but on the whole liberal program. And this year the Democratic majority is so heavy that the usual excuse of a lack of a working majority cannot be trotted out.

SO FAR as this Democratic Congress is concerned, then, there are, first, those Senators and Congressmen from the South who adamantly oppose any and all civil-rights legislation; and second, the Senators and Congressmen from northern, eastern and western states who, though pledged to the civil-rights cause, are willing to accept a label if that is all that can conveniently be obtained. And in the middle stands the party's leadership, offering not a set of principles, but only its expertise in finding the compromise which will induce the entire legislative process—right up to the President's signature—to operate with a minimum of friction.

It seems to be true of the legislative process that a truly adamant opposition—no matter how small numerically—tends to dictate the compromise; in other words, the most extreme opposition becomes the lowest common denominator in any given legislative situation. During the debate on civil rights in 1957, the old saw about politics being the art of the possible was repeated over and over; but the corollary, that moderation works only with moderates, was ignored. As long as the liberals in the Democratic Party succumb to the party-unity-above-all-else theme, there will be no realistic legislation on civil rights. The "do nothing" side will always win.

I do not, therefore, foresee the enactment of an effective civil-rights bill until liberals make it clear that they will settle for nothing less than genuine enforcement of the 14th and 15th Amendments, and show themselves ready to face up to whatever struggle within the Democratic Party this entails.

REPUBLICANS in Congress hold the balance of power on civil rights, both in committee and on the floor of the House and Senate. Without the GOP, no bill can be passed; with it, a strong bill *could* conceivably be passed.

Those who think a Republican Congress offers a better chance for civil-rights legislation than a Democratic one have precious little argument to advance. In the 83rd Congress, which the GOP controlled, several civil-rights measures got no further than the Senate Judiciary Committee. The same Congress permitted a modest fair-employment practices bill, which had been reported from the Senate Labor Committee, to die on the calendar.

Moreover, in the 84th, 85th and 86th Congresses, the GOP failed to swing its weight onto the side of civil rights. Instead, it has revived its traditional coalition with Southern Democrats. This year's record shows that Southern Democrats are again voting with the Republicans on economic and social-welfare issues, such as the Kennedy-Landrum-Griffin labor law, while the GOP leadership, in turn, has failed to push for civil-rights legislation.

Another significant point: Since the GOP took over control of the Administration six years ago, it has neither pressed for enforcement of existing civil-rights statutes, nor fought for new ones. In fact, it was President Eisenhower who sounded the retreat from Part III of the 1957 civil-rights bill—the part which would have given the federal government power to enjoin school-segregation practices.

IT ADDS up to this: today's Democratic Party leadership does not lead so much as it is pushed, and to pass a civil-rights bill means that Democratic liberals will simply have to exert more pressure on the leadership than do the Southern Democrats. At the outset of the first session of the present Congress, the "heat" for civil rights seemed to be on, and the Senate Majority Leader did introduce a civil-rights bill of sorts. But as soon as the steam went out of the liberal drive for a real piece of legislation, even the thin measure introduced by the Majority Leader was dropped.

Because I say these things, there are those who will attack me as a party-wrecker. To keep the record straight, I am not inviting anyone out of the Democratic Party. But I shall not be one to purchase party unity at the expense of the Negro's right to vote, his right to equal education, his right to share equally in all public services and facilities. That price is too high to pay for party unity, in my opinion; and it is long past time for those of us in the Democratic Party who are dedicated to the furtherance of human justice to stop paying it.

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THE U. N. AFTER CAMP DAVID . . *by Jane Stolle*

United Nations

THE CURRENT trend toward personal diplomacy among the great powers worries many friends of the United Nations. How long can the world organization maintain its prestige, they ask, when the headlines center not on the East River, but on Camp David, Blair House, a corn farm in Iowa, a *dacha* outside Moscow, an ambassador's villa in Geneva? If this continues, will not the U.N. end as the League of Nations ended — a monument to the futility of the international idea?

As U.N. Day was celebrated last week, members of the Secretariat showed no sign of worry. On the contrary, the atmosphere here continues to be as vibrant as ever; there is an aura of confidence discernible that bespeaks satisfaction with the present and hope for the future. The reasons for this confidence are necessarily complicated, for they have to do with a concept of the U.N.'s role in world affairs which is itself complex and in process of subtle change from year to year.

In the introduction to the "Annual Report of the Secretary General to the (Fourteenth) General Assembly," Mr. Hammarskjold noted that "intense diplomatic activities mainly outside the United Nations" had taken place during the year, and remarked:

> The United Nations is not intended to be a substitute for normal procedures of reconciliation and mediation, but rather an added instrument providing, within the limits of its competence, a further or ultimate support for the maintenance of peace and security.

This does not mean, the Secretary General added, that matters which concern the peace and security of the world can be dealt with summarily and in disregard of "third-party" interests.

Thus, in the view of the Secretary General, direct negotiations are as necessary a component of the world political mosaic as the U.N. But, he warns in effect, the U.N. has its place in the negotiating process. One may safely infer that in the view of the Secretariat, the moment for U.N. intervention depends upon circumstances; in one instance, it may be in the early, preparatory stage of negotiations; in another, in the middle or, perhaps, the terminal stage of the talks.

Each problem develops its own characteristic contours, and the world organization must feel free to adapt itself accordingly if its role is to be constructive.

IN ANY CASE, the world issues which have launched prime ministers and presidents on their current peregrinations are already deeply rooted in the U.N. agenda. Disarmament has been there since the birth of the organization, and there is no disposition here to consider that the formation, outside of the U.N., of a ten-nation body to deal with it in any way detracts from ultimate U.N. responsibility for the question. On the contrary, there is a certain relief felt here that this extraordinarily complicated issue need no longer be debated, at the initial stage, in an unwieldy eighty-two-member U.N. Disarmament Commission. Ties between the ten-nation body and the U.N.'s own commission were immediately established; and, if there were any who speculated that the U.N. was being by-passed, Mr. Khrushchev's proposals before the current General Assembly effectively answered them. The Secretariat is convinced that in the long run the problem would have returned to the U.N. without Mr. Khrushchev, even if in some other form or under quite another aegis.

Indeed, the Secretariat remains convinced that *all* major problems will be brought, sooner or later, to the door of the U.N. And if they have not communicated that assurance to their worried friends in the degree that they feel it, it is largely because of the inadequacy of words to describe concepts that involve dynamic growth and change. During an interview last May in Geneva for German television, Mr. Hammarskjold said:

> I believe that the United Nations represents a necessary stage in the effort to create the more vigorous forms of international life which I believe must come some day if nations are to solve the problems of living together in peace. . . . You will note that I purposely avoid using such phrases as "world government" or "world federation," because the forms suitable for a universal society are quite likely to prove altogether different from those to which we have become accustomed in national states.

This is the long view, and in their thoughtful moments, it is the view that the Secretariat take as they watch the frequently fruitless debates in the great hall of the General Assembly, or note how often hoped-for agreements dissolve in the acid of conflicting national aspirations. And they feel that this long view is justified on the basis that today's world has already accepted the idea that organized international cooperation is the only hope for mankind's survival. Born as an ideal, the international idea has become a necessity; there is no other answer to man's question: "How can I stay alive?" The United Nations, in its present form, may or may not be the ultimate concrete form which the international idea will assume, but what comes must perforce be built upon what has gone before.

MEANWHILE, the U.N. is giving this historical process a helping hand. Especially in recent years, the constant testing of the body's facilities for political and social action have resulted in its slow transformation from a forum for debate to a place where things happen. The handling of the recent Laos crisis is a case in point. Mr. Hammarskjold, taking advantage of the elasticity written into the U.N. Charter by its wise founding fathers, made an unprecedented "personal approach" to the Security Council, and by so doing avoided a Soviet veto and kept a touchy situation in Laos from exploding into a possible second Korea.

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The Soviet delegate called the Secretary General's action illegal, and even some of his supporters called his maneuver "daring"; but it worked, and no one "took a walk."

> We have opened a door [the Secretary General noted later] to a method by which the Secretary General can, in the most official, solemn and responsible form, report to the Security Council on a situation, on a question, without any substantive item being inscribed on the agenda [i.e., thus avoiding the possibility of a veto]. From my point of view, this is a solid gain and one which opens up new areas of possible political initiatives from the Secretary General and necessarily, as a counterpoint, increases the responsibilities of the Office.

Thus an almost defunct organ of the U.N., the Security Council, has been given a new lease of life, at least temporarily. There is additional hope for it from another quarter. Article 28, Section 2, of the Charter says: "The Security Council shall hold periodic meetings at which each of its members may, if it so desires, be represented by a member of the government or by some other specially designated representative." It almost seemed as though the authors of the Charter had Summit meetings in mind; certainly, if Mr. Khrushchev's proposals for periodic Summits ever come to fruition, what better place to meet than around the council table?

Growth is the result of stimulation, and an imaginative Secretariat, and imaginative member nations, are constantly stimulating the various organs of the United Nations — the General Assembly, the Economic and Social Council, the Trusteeship Council and the International Court of Justice—to new forms of activity, to new potentials for growth. The *dynamism* of the United Nations must be reckoned with in any evaluation of its future world role. This dynamism makes it difficult, perhaps, to define exactly what the United Nations is, and what its responsibilities are; but it is the best possible assurance that the world organization will be around to challenge its deriders for a long time to come.

HIGH COST of FREE TV . . *by George A. Codding, Jr.*

THE CURRENT television "fix" scandals, sordid as they are, should not blind those interested in this important medium to the basic issue involved: does the system under which television now operates provide adequate insurance that it will be used in the public interest?

The pervasiveness, immediacy and intimacy of television make it one of the most powerful influences on men's minds that the world has ever known. If used with imagination and a sense of responsibility, it has vast potentials for enriching men's minds. But by design or accident it can also be turned into a wearisome propaganda machine; or, hardly better, just another instrument for amusement and distraction, luring the viewer to go on listening until he can no longer hear, to watch until he can no longer see.

Technical limitations take television out of the category of other media of mass communications such as newspapers. The frequencies used by TV broadcasting are a scarce national resource; there are not enough available to permit everyone to have one for the asking. Those who make use of a frequency are thus in a position of employing a facility that in the last analysis belongs to the public. Thus, as stated by Sydney Head in his book *Broadcasting in America* (Houghton Mifflin, 1956): "Those who directly profit economically through the broadcasting service — the advertisers and licensees — do so only in consideration of a service rendered to the general public."

The American system of television was organized on the theory that active competition between rival television stations would insure that the viewer would receive the finest programs that money could buy. The Federal Communications Commission, a federal regulatory body, was given the task of making certain that stations would be operated according to the standard of "public interest, convenience and necessity." Through the years, the FCC has decided to use its powers only to protect the public's interest in the technical field, leaving program content to the industry.

In its first decade of full-fledged operation, this system has shown some serious defects. The theory that competition would provide for the best possible programs was the first to fall. As it turned out, television stations sold not programs, but products — cigarettes, laxatives and automobiles. As a result, competition stimulated the growth not of *good* programs, but of the kind of entertainment that pandered to the largest possible viewing audience.

Another defect in the competitive system, well demonstrated by the current fix scandals, has also become clear. The networks and individual stations have lost control of programming to the sponsors who pay the bill, and the sponsors, in turn, have handed over control to the advertising agency. Thus, however enlightened or public-spirited the television executives might be, they were forced by financial considerations to relinquish control to interests with no responsibility to the public.

Consequently, American television began to merit the derision of many. In the parliamentary debates preceding the inauguration of commercial television in Britain, one member of the House of Lords stated that he was terrified of the deadening effect that American-style "triviality" would have in Britain if a like system were adopted. Only a year ago, one of America's respected

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broadcasters made an urgent plea to the networks to clean house so that American children would not be able to look back, in later years, and accuse them of having been perpetrators of "decadence, escapism, and insulation from the realities in which we live."

EXCEPT FOR a few meritorious public-service programs, American television has done little to improve the fare offered to the public, notwithstanding industry "codes," pious proclamations by network executives and even hints by the FCC.

And the price the viewer must pay for what he is being offered! According to recent surveys, the ordinary American television family spends almost six hours a day before the screen. The industry's own code suggests that no more than six minutes of each hour of program time should be devoted to commercials. (This is for sixty-minute programs only, of which there are relatively few; short programs, under the code, may contain more. For instance, fifteen-minute programs are permitted up to 2½ to 3 minutes of advertising time, and so on.) Thus thirty-six minutes a day, at the very least, the American family watches commercials; each week, the viewer spends a little over four hours, each year the staggering total of eight and a half days, looking at nothing but commercials.

There are alternative methods of paying for television. Many countries, both in the West and East, have adopted the principle of government monopoly. This system provides, in most cases, for payment of an annual license fee by the TV-owner. These fees, supplemented where necessary by direct government subsidies, supply the financial basis of operation. In France, for instance, the viewer pays about $10.75 a year for the privilege of watching several hours of daily — mostly in the evening hours — commercial-free television. Some countries place telecasting in the hands of a corporation distinct from the state, but supervised by a government-appointed board; others place the control of TV directly in the hands of a government bureau.

The high cost of talent, of which television is a voracious consumer, and the desire to provide a variety of programs, have caused some of the traditional government-monopoly countries to look for other sources of income.

Few countries have been as fortunate as Switzerland in this matter. Late in 1957, while the government was debating the future of Swiss television, an offer was received from a commercial trust offering to pay the television service two million francs a year for a half-hour daily of advertising time. Although somewhat reluctant to introduce commercial television, the offer did have the advantage of providing the means for improvement of the service. The dilemma was resolved when the Swiss Association of Newspaper Publishers made a counter offer of two million francs a year for ten years if the television service would agree not to resort to advertising during that time. This offer was accepted, and Swiss television remains ad-less.

A more common method is that adopted in Britain — a combination of state and commercial control. In the older BBC system, consisting of a government corporation supervised by an appointed board, the operating funds are raised by imposing a £3 ($8.40) annual fee for each set in operation. (Britons can purchase either the £1 radio license or the combined £4 radio-television license.) In addition, there is now the Independent Television Authority (ITA), created in 1954 to own and operate additional transmitters a undertake commercial operatio As might be expected, the new service differs in many basic respects from the American system. The governing body, appointed by the government, obtains revenue by leasing its facilities to privately financed program contractors selected competitively. The contractors prepare programs and sell "spot" advertisements directly to the advertiser, or through advertising agencies. The content, time and place of advertisements are all controlled by the government authority, and Parliament has prescribed that it should always be made clear to audiences that the advertisers do not control the program itself.

Unfortunately, as many have already pointed out, the ITA system has broken down in several respects. For instance, the rule that advertising should come only during a "natural break" in a program has been abused by ingenious arrangements of these natural breaks. More important, despite the intent of Parliament, the English advertiser has come to enjoy an identification with the program around which his "spots" have been placed, thus opening British television to some of the criticism leveled at its American counterpart.

WHAT is overlooked by many commentators who reject the ITA formula for American television is the great advantage the British system enjoys in the competition for viewers between BBC and ITA. The BBC, as an arm of government, has a responsibility to use its resources to provide an alternate fare for the viewer based upon its *raison d'être* as a public service. With its independent source of income, the BBC can experiment, can provide for programs whose appeal is not solely to the largest common denominator. The viewer is given a choice.

This is the very element that is too often lacking in American television. Our system is forced by financial consideration to cater to the mass taste; the result is often an extremely low level of intellectual fare. The manner in which TV pollsters approach the viewer furnishes a kind

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BOOKS and the ARTS

Trotsky: from Power to Exile

THE PROPHET UNARMED: TROTSKY: 1921-1929. By Isaac Deutscher. Oxford University Press. 490 pp. $9.50.

Crane Brinton

THIS second of a three-volume life of Trotsky is fully up to the standard set by the first volume, *The Prophet Armed: Trotsky, 1879-1921,* which appeared in 1954 and was very well received in all save dwindling Stalinist circles. Isaac Deutscher, a former active member of the Polish Communist party, expelled as an anti-Stalinist in 1932, is now a British subject, a scholar-journalist, and the "Peregrine" of the London *Observer.* He was and is undoubtedly some kind of Trotskyist, but that label covers so wide a range that it has little semantic use. The essential thing is that he knows from first-hand experience the kind of world in which Trotsky lived. He admires, respects, indeed loves Trotsky, so much so that he does not need to write a slavish, foolish, adulatory book about him. His biography is written with detachment and professional competence. It is not the book an outsider, a skeptic, a convinced anti-Marxist or a debunker might write.

Perhaps for so complicated and so important a man as Trotsky we need studies written from all these and indeed other points of view. But — and one need not be a Pangloss to take this position — the best biographies are written in sympathy, not in hate and contempt. Mr. Deutscher does not exaggerate, does not persistently and a bit tiresomely defend, as for instance Ernest Jones did in an otherwise excellent life of Freud. There should be pretty general agreement, even among reviewers who hesitate to add to the uniform sweetness of contemporary American reviewing, that this is by all odds the best life of Trotsky available.

The scale seems about right. The book is indeed long and detailed, but it is not the pedestrian accumulation of day-to-day trivia found in an overlong biography like the Monypenny and Buckle *Disraeli.* The trees are certainly there, but from time to time Mr. Deutscher gets off a bit and takes a look at the wood. The narrative almost always flows along, even in complex situations like the culminating struggle for the succession to Lenin. Trotsky was a polymath and an incurably active, almost obsessive, writer; Mr. Deutscher pays full attention to his writing on all sorts of subjects and quotes liberally. Historians will be especially interested in Trotsky's appeal to the history of the French Revolution in a speech in defense of himself made before the Presidium of the Central Control Commission in July, 1927. The defense was of course useless, for the decision had been made in advance. But his conclusion was superb, and most Trotskyist:

> The Jacobin Clubs, the crucibles of revolution, became the nurseries of Napoleon's future bureaucracy. We should learn from the French Revolution. But is it really necessary to repeat it? (*Shouts.*)

As in his first volume, Mr. Deutscher has made good use of the Trotsky Archives now in the Houghton Library at Harvard, the many published works of Trotsky in the four major languages, Russian, French, German and English, the proceedings of party conferences and congresses, newspapers — in short, impeccable sources. The Moscow edition of Trotsky's collected *Works* was of course stopped in 1927 with volume XXI, but there was no way the Stalinists could really achieve an Orwellian suppression and distortion outside Russia. It is likely, that even in the Soviet Union there remained more of the real Trotsky, if only in carefully hidden copies of his books, than is generally admitted in the West. Certainly in the West the sources for appraising Trotsky have never been at all difficult for anyone with a mastery of the Russian language to get at.

This book is in no sense the last word on Trotsky. The final volume will be a difficult one to write, for the last years in exile must seem a letdown, must invite to more apologies than is good for an admiring biographer to make. But Trotsky will hold our interest to the melodramatic end. It is to be hoped that Mr. Deutscher will attempt at the close of the work the very difficult task of a critical summing-up of his hero's life and work.

Yet even if he should so conclude this long work, there would still be need for something that is never quite supplied even by the irreproachable classics of full-length biography, a Boswell's *Johnson,* a Lockhart's *Scott,* a Sandburg's *Lincoln.* This is the view that emerges from the brief biographical essay: at its best with Ste. Beuve; good also, if unfair — perhaps because unfair — with Lytton Strachey, and today a somewhat neglected genre. It is not clear why the great biographies somehow fail to clinch an image in the mind of the reader — perhaps just because they do not show a single image, but a whole gallery of such. At any rate, a life like this one of Trotsky does make possible the work of many other writers, who will owe Deutscher a debt they ought always to acknowledge explicitly.

THE abiding impression Trotsky makes is of a personality of very great complexity indeed, a man who fits no one system of pigeonholing, and especially, no such system devised on the currently fashionable social psychological basis. Mr. Eric Hoffer, for example, makes in his *The True Believer* a suggestive and indeed useful classification of revolution-makers into the man of words who in a sense "begins" a revolution; the fanatic who presides over its crises and its Reign of Terror, and the man of action who finishes it off. And reasonably pure types of the kind can be found. Tom Paine was a man of words, singularly inept in his one job with the Congress in Philadelphia; Robespierre — though there are those who will dispute this — was a fanatic, and not much else; Napoleon was a man of action, so lacking in the oratorical gifts needed to sway an assembly that he very nearly lost his head at St. Cloud in 1799.

But Trotsky? Probably basically a fanatic, certainly on the record a Utopian; yet he was the superb organizer of the army in the Civil War, at his best a good administrator, an effective orator, a skillful politician; and if of all his writings we had no more than his masterpiece, the *History of the Russian Revolution,* he would still deserve to be called a thinker, no mere man of words. The flaw — if there was such — that explains his failure in 1924-1927 is not quite clear. He was, to repeat, in a sense a fanatic, a Utopian, but not a silly, unyielding, futile idealist. Perhaps he was not coarse enough to beat Stalin; perhaps he just had bad luck.

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The Hero as Inventor

EDISON. By Matthew Josephson. McGraw-Hill Book Co. 511 pp. $6.95.

Carl Dreher

EDISON demonstrates that Josephson, called by John Erskine "America's ablest biographer," can recreate a great technological figure just as vividly as he portrayed the robber barons, politicos and novelists of his earlier books. In fact, though, the current work does not involve a complete break with the past. A number of the barons come back on stage in supporting roles, notably Jay Gould, who financed some of Edison's early inventions in telegraphy. Gould swindled Edison as dispassionately as he swindled other associates and opponents. The biography deals also with the relations between the inventor and the elder Morgan who, though something of a buccaneer, was predominantly a creative capitalist; Henry Villard, a lesser but still eminent manipulator, and Samuel Insull, who began his career reputably enough as Edison's secretary and money-raiser.

Lacking even a primary school education and starting out as a train newsboy and itinerant telegrapher in the eighteen sixties, Edison became the greatest inventor and industrial developer of the nineteenth century. His principal achievements were the multiplex telegraph, the phonograph, the carbon microphone, the first operational electric light and power system, an electric locomotive, the motion picture camera and the precursor of the motion picture projector, the nickel-iron storage battery and — the "invention of inventions" — systematic industrial research. Also, in the course of experimentation with the incandescent lamp, he discovered the "Edison effect," the passage of electricity through a vacuum, fourteen years before the electron was discovered by J. J. Thomson and twenty-three years before Lee deForest invented the modern vacuum tube. Thus Edison was the careless progenitor of radio and electronics, although, preoccupied with his electric lighting system, he abandoned the infant shortly after its birth.

This sketch lists only the successes. There were failures and follies on an equally heroic scale. The man himself was as picturesque as his productions were grand. Unable to spell or write grammatically until his middle years, he became an outstanding wit and aphorist and a folk hero encrusted with legendary attributes and experiences. Some of these Josephson debunks — for instance, the account of how Edison became deaf. The legend is that the ambitious newsboy, experimenting with chemistry, set the baggage car on fire, whereupon the conductor cuffed him so brutally that the boy lost his hearing. The truth is that Edison became deaf as the result of childhood scarlet fever, and the conductor was still his friend some twenty years after the baggage car incident. But Josephson wisely spends little space on apocrypha. He has a more serious task and when he completes it we not only know more about Edison and his America than we knew before, but we know more about ourselves: as a great technological innovator, Edison had a great deal to do with making us what we are.

The light and power development is an illustration. Its scope is often underestimated. People think of Edison as having invented the incandescent lamp. He certainly did that, despite the claims and contributions of others, but few realize what a gap there was between electric lights and electric lighting. The arc lamp, which preceded the incandescent and operated on an entirely different principle, was essentially a high-power device suitable only for outdoor illumination. The next step was to devise a low-power lamp capable of replacing gas for indoor use. But this was only a step: no one had any idea how such lamps could be jointly supplied with electricity, and at the same time be independently controlled. House wiring, which any apprentice electrician can install today, had to be invented. Generators had to be developed to furnish power at a more or less constant voltage and with some degree of continuity. Neither lamps, generators, nor inside wiring could be used without a distribution system, safety fuses, switches and meters. Not one invention, but dozens, were required; in a single year, 1882, Edison applied for 141 patents, mostly in electric lighting.

As if the problems of multiple invention and manufacture were not enough, he had to scrounge endlessly for funds. The Wall Street syndicate, headed by Drexel, Morgan & Company, which had agreed to finance the project, shrank from the complexities and hazards of manufacture and installation; they would have preferred to operate a patent-holding company. Progress was agonizingly slow. When the Pearl Street central station in downtown New York was finally put into commercial operation on September 4, 1882, the total load was 400 lamps on an investment of $600,000, or $1,500 per lamp. In 1884 the station was supplying more than 10,000 lamps, but by then it had reached its capacity and for years thereafter customers were simply turned away. Nineteenth-century capitalists preferred to invest in government-subsidized railroads. When they were asked to advance on their own, as in the case of Edison's inventions, they were exemplars of caution.

LARGELY through the promotional labors of Edison and his organizations, and despite the timidity of his backers, electric lighting spread over the country. Edison's reward was loss of control. In practical terms, this amounted to his expulsion from the industry he had created. He contributed to his own downfall by some pigheaded engineering not uncharacteristic of technological pioneers. He had succeeded with low voltage (220/110) direct current, suitable only for local distribution. There he stopped, while others took the next necessary step. George Westinghouse and a group of distinguished engineers and theoreticians, including Charles P. Steinmetz, sponsored high-voltage alternating current for economical transmission of power over long distances. At the residence or factory a transformer stepped down the voltage to the same 220/110 volts, consequently alternating current presented little greater hazard to the consumer than direct current. Nevertheless, Edison inveighed against the dangers of high-voltage alternating current, just as, in an earlier day, James Watt had resisted the introduction of high-pressure steam. Edison resorted to what Josephson calls "cruel and lugubrious experiments" — electrocuting dogs with alternating current to frighten the public. Whatever success he had was short-lived; alternating current soon came into general use.

But this aberration was not the de-

CARL DREHER, an early radio operator and engineer, is a Fellow of the Institute of Radio Engineers. Mr. Dreher writes frequently for The Nation.

Note in November

It's not the white Christmas so much I remember,
As the old-fashioned Christmas that came in December.

MARY THEO RAUTH

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cisive reason for Edison's ouster. He just didn't fit into good financial society. He was a fiercely competitive individualist, with a kind of Populist prejudice against trusts and a penchant for mass production and low prices. To raise money in pursuance of such objectives he had to sell much of his own stock; consequently he no longer had control of the companies he headed. J. P. Morgan, Henry Villard and Charles A. Coffin, a former shoe salesman who had switched to electricity, sat down together and merged Coffin's Thomson-Houston Company and the Edison companies to form the General Electric Company. Edison was elected a director, but he sold his remaining holdings and resigned. On the rebound, he engaged in a disastrous ore-mining venture in northern New Jersey and lost his entire fortune — several millions in 1890 dollars. "Well, it's all gone, but we had a hell of a good time spending it," he said. He was endowed with fortitude to match his trials.

GREATLY lauded, he was also greatly misunderstood. As late as the nineteen-twenties there were two opposite and equally erroneous notions about his achievements. One held that he systematically "stole" inventions from his employees. The other attributed to him the qualities of the lone genius in the garret. The fallacy common to the two was a failure to understand the necessity of the transition from individual to group invention. Ideas still had to originate in individual minds, but by the second half of the nineteenth century technology had become so complex that invention required the interaction of specialized minds assembled in teams of scientists, engineers and, when one happened to come along, nondescript geniuses like Edison. He could be understood only as a captain and coordinator of technicians. In his role he did a superb job, with the inevitable errors of one who, undaunted by obstacles and his own limitations, attempts the nearly impossible.

As the genius declined, the limitations became more obvious. He had always been a showman and publicity hound, not so much on his own behalf as to promote his inventions. In his later years he talked too much and sometimes grieved his more discerning admirers. In the nineteen-twenties he was certain that radio broadcasting was only a passing craze. "Being a 'great thinker' and being a great inventor," Josephson remarks, "are quite different things."

Edison was not a great thinker. His politics were a weird potpourri of Greenback opposition to the gold standard, other odds and ends of Populism and, where dollars and cents were involved, ruthless capitalist individualism, somewhat mitigated in his own plants by paternalism. But in at least one field besides the technological, his thinking was consistent and sharply focused. In religion he was a rationalist and agnostic and a bold polemicist. "A personal God means absolutely nothing to me," he declared, and pointed out that "billions of prayers" had not averted natural or man-made catastrophes. He was attacked by choleric believers, and his business associates pleaded with him to mitigate his blasphemies for the sake of Edison Industries. He was not blasphemous, actually, nor was he an atheist. He said he did not doubt the existence of a Supreme Intelligence, but he took no credence in theories of heaven and hell, the soul, and a life hereafter. If there were any who hoped for a final recantation, they were disappointed. He died in 1931 at the age of eighty-four, as courageously as he had lived.

ARCHITECTURE

Walter McQuade

TO APPRECIATE the impact of the new Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, at Fifth Avenue and 88th Street in New York, you should travel to it from midtown. Get on a Fifth Avenue bus and stammer through the canyon of the 40s and 50s, walled with shop windows and the fronts of fat, pompous office buildings and smooth flashy ones — an architectural dramatization of a profit-and-loss statement.

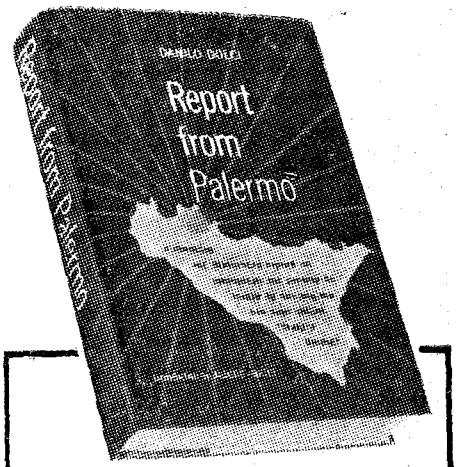
When the bus enters the 60s, the nice lady passengers sigh and redistribute their packages, for here Fifth Avenue turns green on the left and a genteel gray on the right, a quiet, wealthy residential neighborhood—block on block of placid limestone trimmed with discreetly dead carved ornamentation dating from the twenties and earlier. (Most of the façades have been sandblasted clean, which tames them even further.)

By the time you reach the 70s, even the trees of Central Park seem weary. And across the street from the fertilized forest, this neighborhood's buildings fade and fade, architecturally, until they are only murmuring. True, there is an occa-

Some surprising Sicilians speak their minds in

Report from Palermo

by **DANILO DOLCI**
introduction by
ALDOUS HUXLEY



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sional grunt—now and then your bus passes a gross new apartment building jammed in, making the old ones' gentility seem almost genuine by contrast with its new façades of glazed brick of a *nothing* color, its clumsy ladders of balconies. "Consult Pease and Elliman," the signs say.

But the Guggenheims and Frank Lloyd Wright did not consult the real estate men. When you reach their block-front at 88th Street, you are suddenly confronted with strength. Here is a building which, overnight, has changed its part of the city. Here is a product, not of many men's timid conventions, but of one man's mind: eloquent, exciting, fiercely alive.

Even if you haven't seen the structure, you are probably familiar with its components from your newspaper. On the ground floor are greenery and seductive entrances; above that, a ship-like superstructure of concrete which stretches the width of the block; then two stacks of concrete, rising up, striped with windows, the larger tower strangely shaped, widening toward the top. Like a cone upside down, its walls loom out above you.

But descriptions are paltry, and so are photographs of this structure. You must go and look at it, because it is daringly sinuous, curving out and retreating in ways that the logical camera cannot catch without distortion. New York has some fine modern buildings, but nothing resembling this.

For unlike most modern architects, Wright was no understater. His designs are Shakespearean—works of high elocution which blend fantasy, structural fact, avid connoisseurship of materials and craftsmanship, many lights, many dims and darks, metallic glints, daylight, porosity, the sweep of curving planes that carry the eye commandingly. This building has the pull of a giant winch and all the confidence in the world. It even, surprisingly, turns out to be a good neighbor. The buildings around it are not big enough to be overbearing; instead the Guggenheim cheerfully dominates their discreetness. Seen from the street, it is a young man's building—imaginative, rich, drawn with a vivid hand, a gift of great talent to the city. In a civic sense, it is a brilliant success. You think, "thank God for the Guggenheims," and wonder at those critics who have considered the building only as a rack for paintings.

But once inside, you understand an art critic's anger. The interior is not really a museum, but a place for merchandising art, and it oversells. In a functional sense, it is a failure.

The gallery itself is in the larger stack. Around a towering central light-well a long gradual ramp climbs the outward-leaning exterior walls, getting wider as they lean farther out, until it circles up under a big skylight of faintly coptic design almost 100 feet above the floor, and this ramp is where the paintings are. The ground floor has a few paintings, too, but it still seems largely empty, even with an information desk and elevator lobby, with a few pieces of sculpture standing around awkwardly, with a lozenge-shaped pool of very blue, unreal looking water, and a most welcome section of glass through which exterior planting is visible. Theoretically you are supposed to ride the elevator up the tower, then stroll down the ramp, but the elevator is small and slow, so for the most part people walk up the ramp. After its first slant, rather steep, it flattens out level for a few feet, then resumes a milder pitch.

IT IS almost as though the stern pattern — this peremptory path of the ramp that is imposed on the visitor — were a result of overcompensation on the part of the architect toward his client. He herds the viewers past the pictures so ruthlessly that he almost seems to be afraid they might not look at them if he were gentle. People don't visit this museum; they are digested by it.

It is silly to ask for an interior of a building which does not agree with the

Peri poietikes

What about measure, I learnt:
Look in your own ear and read.
Nor wrest knowledge
in no end of books.
Pyrrhic nor *Pirke* do.
Mind, don't run to mind
boys' Greeks' metres gnome,
rummage in tee tomes, tee-tums,
tum-tees.
Forget terms.
No count is sure,
more safe, more stressed,
more heard, or herds peace more
in world where hearing
is a going out
or instance up or down;
from in, different instance out.
Trust: to lip words
briefs what great (?) discourse well.

LOUIS ZUKOFSKY

Peri poietikes: "About poetry," the opening words of Aristotle's *Poetics.*
Pirke: that is, *Pirke Aboth,* "Chapters of the Fathers," included in *Talmud* and part of the orthodox Jewish ritual read on Sabbath afternoons.

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exterior—for a conventional flooring system, for instance, faked within the dynamic, twisted Guggenheim gallery walls. No, the disappointment in this building is that there is not enough subtle intricacy in the interior environment. It is a persuasive, humane functionalism we expect from Wright, not just pattern; he might have added richer, more sudden widenings of the monotonous ramp, with changes in ceiling heights; he could have exerted the kind of wizardry he has brought to other buildings, instead of this idolatry of a single flashy idea, the ramp. This is simplicity without either serenity or the subtle variations that enrich what he called his organic style; this is an organ with one monotonous, booming note.

Why did this interior happen? It has been pointed out that Frank Lloyd Wright did not like modern art, regarding it as a joke. The kind of art he understood was oriental and pre-Columbian, spatial objects rich with the sure subjectivity of great age. To Wright, modern artists were chess players without chessboards, and he couldn't follow the game. This time he tried, and in doing it he embraced the art so tightly that he almost smothered it. It was necessary for the director of the Guggenheim Museum, James Sweeney, to apply oxygen to save the patient, and Sweeney applied too much.

If Wright's original design for this interior had been followed there would be more variation within the gallery than there is now, for there would be more natural daylight falling on the paintings and the walls. The tower would have had a gentler, truer sense of roundness within, as you followed the ramp. But Sweeney saw immediately this would not work for the paintings. He had to get them away from Wright's clutch.

So the museum director, in effect, erased all the windows, erased the coloring of the walls (by painting them white) and further pulled the canvases from the shell of the building by suspending them inward from the walls on horizontal rods. They now seem to float in free space like sculpture, entirely remote from the building. Then Sweeney poured mild torrents of light —artificial, shadowless, fluorescent light —both in front of and behind the paintings, further nullifying the structure, making it just a vessel.

It is a brilliant technique, and a basically sound salvaging idea, but I think he went too far. For as a result of this conflict between the architect and the museum director there is too much commercial sock to the presentation; it is feverish. There is real distortion in the very intensity of the light, as reflected back from some of the paintings; and the fact that the front lighting is a little redder in quality than the back lighting may have a good deal to do with this. Bonnard's *Dining Room in the Garden,* a very luminous canvas, looks fine from seventy feet away, across the gallery, but near up, it glows not like a Bonnard, but like Times Square of a foggy night.

SWEENEY'S job of lighting in the old Guggenheim gallery (which once stood on part of the same site) was magnificent. The building was an elegant old town house, and he painted the interior white and flooded it with much this same kind of illumination. But the formality and linear quality of the old house was on his side. It was as planar as the paintings; they could be hung directly on its walls. No erasure of the architecture was necessary. Seeing the pictures in the new Guggenheim is more exciting, certainly, but going there to look is too much like going to an audio shop to listen; what you hear is ultra-high fidelity sound, not music.

But James Johnson Sweeney still can tinker with the knobs and the wiring, I think, and in time bring this interesting lighting under control. He is very good at it. It may be necessary to regulate the lamps individually for each picture, as in stage setting, but it will be worth it, and can be the salvation of the gallery as a gallery. The lighting will continue to oppose the architecture, however, and there probably is no solution for that.

For Wright's buildings need sunlight and some contact with the real world—and this is a high quality in them. It is not just gaiety they enjoy, but reality, the opportunity for many moods, grimness as well as joy, melancholy on a dim day, the seeping in of the sky. His architecture is as receptive to nature's mood as farmland is. To divorce his buildings from the world, even the city world, is cruel—although this one may seem to be asking for punishment. Only the big skylight survived in the gallery, and the glass wall on the ground floor. The first is too remote, the other very nice, but not enough, and the rest of the light in the building is depressingly synthetic and inappropriate to Wright. Its shadowlessness is like wall-to-wall carpeting, emblandishing an environment, washing out not only the shadows but the toughness, the fiber, the difficulties of life, of creativity.

For a wonderful demonstration of what Wright could do, go downstairs into the little theatre before you leave the Guggenheim. This must be the most

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beautiful room in New York City. Intended principally for talks to audiences of about 250, it is a place where Wright expressed himself easily and eloquently. Love is there, in the careful changes of level, in the coloration, in the subdued spatial devices he used to make it easy for the audience to enter the speaker's thoughts. And there are little windows, high, like decorative cellar windows, to remind people where they are, and let a little daylight leak in. Filled with people, it will be a rich, genial, intellectual place. I sat there alone for a few minutes, thinking of the upstairs; it is perhaps the only theatre where you can do that comfortably—without feeling that you are waiting for a performance, without feeling lonely. Wright's art is there with you.

THEATRE

Stuart Vaughan

PRODUCERS Maurice Evans and Robert L. Josephs have presented actor Maurice Evans and a gathering of dignitaries of the British stage (plus Sam Levene) in a production of Bernard Shaw's *Heartbreak House* at the Billy Rose Theatre, erstwhile the National. Mr. Rose's rose-and-gold theatre seemed to promise equally opulent glories behind its glowing velours act-drop, but in that domain all was not so happy.

This is not for want of effort. The production is oh, so smartly clothed. Ben Edward's setting, with side walls canted in an uneasy lilt, looks so completely and expensively like some kind of galleon with an awning hung amidships that Shaw's sense of an eccentric country house goes right out the nonexistent window.

Equal effort has gone into the casting. Mr. Evans, Diana Wynyard, Pamela Brown, Dennis Price and Alan Webb gracefully wheel and halt, firing their *bon mots* with all-too-visible deftness and precision. And why shouldn't they, for haven't they been doing this for ages and ages? What matter that Mr. Webb as Mazzini Dunn loses the character's essential shy dignity in simpering and ogling? The laughs come. What matter that Mr. Price seems empty of meaning and devoid of contact with any living being behind those footlights? His voice has a fine ring. We hear the words splendidly, even when we cannot follow the ideas. Diane Cilento's booming voice and brash attack defeat what chance she may have had to establish an Ellie Dunn whose freshness, grace and surprisingly realistic appraisal of the world capture the sympathies of the aging pagan philosopher, Captain Shotover. Mr. Evans, in a quite suitably Shavian wig and beard, gives us a Captain Shotover whose crusty broadsides become comedic monotony by Act III.

Sam Levene is a very funny and compelling actor. With a whole kit of takes, slow burns and odd sounds, and a pervasive American speech rhythm, he commands the stage at his every appearance. The play changes. English voices lose their ring, and everyone dances to Mr. Levene's measured tune. Unfortunately, this is about as appropriate as Duke Ellington's great band having a bash at Vivaldi. If Boss Mangum came through with requisite sympathy and clarity in spite of these obstacles, I would not object so strenuously. But Shaw's Boss Mangum is not among the living in this *Heartbreak House*.

Only Diana Wynyard and Pamela Brown give us rare moments of relaxation, reality and genuine humor in an evening which is over-energized and empty of clear meaning.

Shaw wrote a play about a mad, strange, fascinating family who talk their lives away as their world muddles on. In *Heartbreak House* we meet the English counterpart of Chekhov's aristocrats who let the cherry trees be chopped down. The business of an Englishman, Captain Shotover says, is "to learn navigation." He must learn how to steer through the threats of destruction posed by the violent force making a modern society. "Learn it and live, or leave it and be damned." The third act ends with the parting hum of enemy planes which have dropped their first load of bombs, demolishing the vicarage and killing the tycoon.

Harold Clurman, who directed this production of *Heartbreak House*, knows how to evoke a mood, an atmosphere, in which the surprising can be spoken, the inner truth revealed. He knows how to break scenes of endless talk into dramatic actions and situations which help the talk add up to something theatrically whole for an audience when the play is finished. He must know what *Heartbreak House* means even if his audience never found out. Why then was this evening unclear, unfocused and distressing? No one outside the intimate working circle of a production can ever know the answer to this sort of question.

STUART VAUGHAN is Artistic Director of The Phoenix Theatre. His most recent production is a restaging of Eugene O'Neill's The Great God Brown.

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Harold Clurman

CHERI (Morosco) is a disappointment. However, so many genuinely talented people are involved in the production that it is critically valuable to go into the details behind that judgment.

A series of tactical errors was made. Probably the most grievous is Anita Loos's adaptation of the two Colette novels: *Chéri* and *The End of Chéri*. One of the assets of Colette's novels is their exquisite writing: they have a flavor and fragrance inalienably French. The adaptation is a mere skeleton: its writing is toneless and dry. It has to cover so much ground that there appears to be no time for atmosphere or nuance. More seriously, it does not quite make Colette's essential points.

Why, apart from her prose, is Colette, whose subjects are usually that of frivolous fiction, generally esteemed by the French? She tried and often succeeded in making real flowers grow from artificial soil. Her books generate true human interest beyond the false milieus in which the characters dwell.

In the "Chéri" novels two aspects are inseparably intertwined: personal and social. Chéri is a young man illegitimately born to a wealthy cocotte in the era before the First World War: the last period of solid French prosperity. It was a time when leisure and the hedonistic idleness that it connoted for the French *bourgeoisie*, their dependents and affiliates, were not only considered blameless but a positive ideal to which even the most respectable folk aspired.

Chéri has been brought up in the coziest and rankest hot house of this world. His senses have been pampered and sated, his inner being ignored. He has no family and his mother has made a lap dog of him. But he is really a nice boy yearning for maternal affection. His affair with the *grande cocotte* Léa de Lonval, some twenty years his senior, is at once an expression of the boy's need for a mother and the courtesan's need to give tenderness.

All would be well, so to speak, in this relationship if the world into which the boy stepped in his growing up were identical with that of his first youth. But the postwar epoch has now come, and France is caught between a feverishly greedy capitalist class and the haggard world of the discontented workers—not to mention the more or less iconoclastic artists. Having served in the army, Chéri has become aware of the moral emptiness of the wealthy, without being in any way prepared to participate in either social or artistic rebellion. His return to Léa is a fiasco, not simply because she has grown old, but because she is now a complacent baggage living on her past accumulations and new speculations. Chéri's clinging to the image of Léa, his *nounou*, his "nurse" (mother) is a nostalgia for the days of untroubled dalliance, the bed of rotting roses, forever gone. He is truly homeless. He kills himself.

Seen this way, the material is valid enough, but the adapter has been unable to dramatize its salient features. What we get is an outline without substance. As director, Robert Lewis has italicized the minutiae of the story and environment for comic, picturesque or sentimental purposes which in this context become slightly grotesque when not distasteful. He has allowed Oliver Smith to furnish him with very pretty sets which are decorative rather than atmospheric — with a sort of Dufy gloss that might have been employed in an ad for Rosemarie de Paris. This has only an oblique connection with the overripe but still very rich feeling (even when vulgar) characteristic of the early twentieth century in France.

The "pointing up" of details makes the play's pace slow and the behavior of most of the characters studied as if *style* were an unnatural instead of an organic matter. On the other hand, the casting of the two central figures tends toward a kind of reality which is not altogether appropriate. Kim Stanley is one of the most gifted actresses anywhere, but she does not fit the frame. This is not due to her being too young for Léa (although that does not help): her sensuality is of a tortured sort and not maternal, while her attempt at being French and of the period is aimed at mere posture. None of this is her fault, although it may be the fault of a theory not uncommon nowadays that a first-rate actor can be convincing in any part.

Horst Buchholz, on the evidence here and the picture version of Thomas Mann's *The Confession of Felix Krull*, is a good actor. He creates the impression of a creature reared in depression, a restored delinquent who, little and wiry, has battled his way to a favorable position and not, as I believe Chéri should be, that of a sturdy boy softened by silk and aromatized cotton wool. Lili Darvas, as a woman who represents the secret vice which is all that remains of Chéri's dream, alone in the play struck me as right.

AT THE DROP OF A HAT (John Golden) is a pastime consisting of informal topical songs in the manner of a parlor entertainment given by two gentlemen from London: Michael Flanders and Donald Swann. Their faintly amateur approach is winning because they

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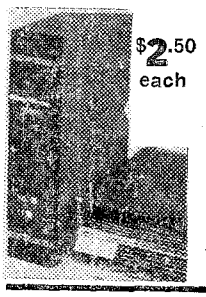

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are light, shrewd, witty, with traces of true sophistication.

It always amazes and amuses me how often popular English entertainers — no matter what the subject of their satire may be — recall something of Lewis Carroll and his *Alice*. Some people complain that two hours of this sort of thing is too long and the effect too small for an evening at the theatre. "Bigness" is one of our ailments; so I am grateful for this show's modesty. A farce like *The Golden Fleecing* (Henry Miller) with a full complement of actors — two of them pretty — plus gaudy scenery seemed longer and smaller to me than almost any one of Michael Flanders' and Donald Swann's songs. Their art suggests the message of the "angry young men" reduced to a wink.

PUBLICATIONS

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(*Continued from page 332*)

astronomy, it is true that the constellation Pisces, in our view of it, is next to Aries; but astronomy seems even more remote than astrology from these matters.

Eras are, of course, ending all the time, for somebody or something. The question always is: whom or what? For the West, I had thought an era had ended in 1914-18, and surely this present one must run on a little longer before it matures.

JUNG'S cheering implication, in hiding his history in the ciphers of numerology or alchemy or astrology, is that the kind of era, the kind of archetype and the date of the unveiling have all been decided in advance by forces far beyond human control. But perhaps we do not want so much irresponsibility. He will say a very good thing, such as that numbers were not invented, but discovered, and then add that the number four represents totality: three plus one, or Father, Son and Holy Ghost plus the Devil; and that all life is dominated by this overriding "truth."

With this sort of cabalism, he interprets some dreams and some paintings of unidentified flying objects. If I understand him, the flying saucer represents the whole soul or anima or rotundum or mandala (neither word in my dictionary) or God's eye or philosopher's egg or *yang* and *yin* or *complexio oppositorum* or Primordial Man or *chen-yen*.

He also cites mass visions of something very much like fiery flying saucers in Basel and Nuremberg in the 1560s, when the Counter Reformation was hitting these two rich and sophisticated cities. It may also be remembered that the Moslem *djinn* were of pure flame, good and evil, beautiful and ugly, and appeared and disappeared at will. The fantasy part of the flying-saucer business is spectacularly not novel; and Jung is right to associate it with the dark side of human tradition. Still, one wonders about his reasons for choosing this disreputable subject and, as he himself says, putting his "reputation . . . in jeopardy."

There may be a clue. All sorts of people, from Toynbee down, are sitting around waiting, in this period, for the revelation of a new universal religion. Among them, in a thoroughly relaxed mood, is to be found myself. It is obvious that since the masses are being constantly reminded of higher forms of life across hundreds of thousands of light years, God must soon be revamped to take in more territory; a great revelation on this one little planet seems suddenly, to say the least, disproportionate. This crass intuition appears to have come to several of the flying saucerites who report that Christ and Buddha were actually born on Venus. This must appear as pure sacrilege to any church, since it would imply that the two must have been moving from planet to planet, repeating the same message and the same experience, to propagate truly galactic faiths. On the stage of the universe, communications of this nature present logistical problems that a one-planet religion is not prepared for. The Salesman's itinerary would have to be coordinated with each planet's successive arrival at the desired stage of cultural evolution. If the waiting list grew too long, some cultures might have to be "frozen," like Egypt's, until there was time to get around to them. A little less than 2,000 years after Christ had called: the atom bomb. To millions of people, such thoughts must soon become a consequence of any attempt to think of a godhead that is, in the astronomical sense, universal. And this universe is already one of the world-wide political facts of life. The contest between the United States and the Soviet Union is scored by two billion people on which will get out into the universe first. Even pigmy Negritoes who do not know about either Christ or gravity can see the stars and perhaps the satellites. The consideration that now confronts earthly organized religion is the night sky.

The flying saucer visions are a vulgar solution of this problem, humbly proffered by the ignorant. The new religion, if any, would have to come from someone with a better grasp of astronomy. Dr. Jung, however, has put in his claim as a prophet of the new religion. He simply decided that an epiphany is well worth a reputation.

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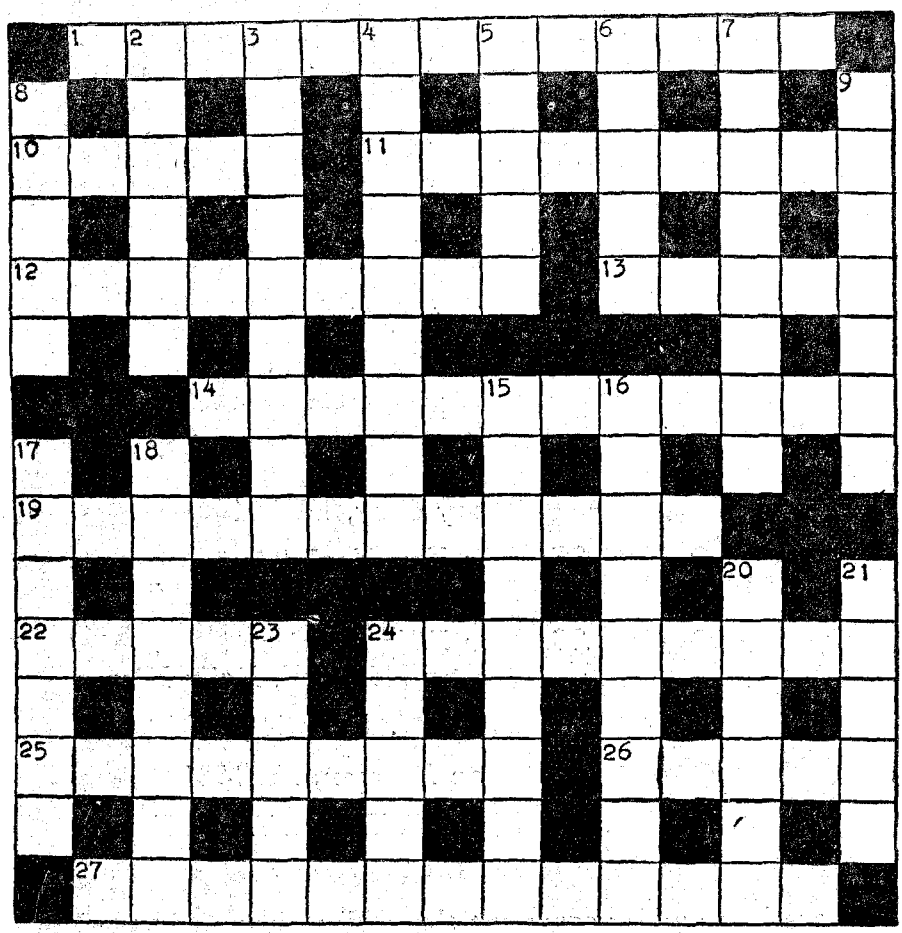
Crossword Puzzle No. 840

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 and 11 Big blow-out when Junior's hair is long enough to dress? (3, 5, 2, 3, 5, 4)
10 Pound down a town. (5)
11 See 1 across
12 Not numbered like the English peerage, though Earl might be there. (9)
13 The fact is, it suggests what wolves want to do with pretty girls. (5)
14 Caper around, or incorrectly take the Underground for an outstanding example. (12)
19 Riparian indicator, perhaps found on board? (4, 8)
22 What Britishers do when they send down. (5)
24 Floats a company, perhaps, but it might be applied to a bottle. (9)
25 Certainly not the order of G.B.S. (9)
26 Not an extraordinary definition. (5)
27 Evidently the old bird is not quick by comparison. (2, 4, 2, 1, 4)

DOWN:

2 Scrooge's version of stuff? (6)
3 High walls might be. (9)
4 Is Rodin's work responsible for causing light diversion? (9)
5 The Brooklyn Navy and Scotland? (5)
6 Sounds destined to be honored. (5)
7 Listen to only half the scores? (Cheers!) (8)
8 Part of the gum tree, no doubt. (5)
9 Puzzled by what the candidate did? (7)
15 Certainly not frontways. (9)
16 Causes a disturbance on some campus? (It might be called for!) (4, 5)
17 One should never feel its presence. (7)
18 Affects so as to stimulate pent up anger, and spins wildly around. (8)
20 and 21 As coffee might be commonly good, at a distance from the storm. (6, 5)
23 Look at the madness of the flower of France! (5)
24 Did Wordsworth find it comparatively lonely? (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 839

ACROSS: 1 and 10 Tackling dummies; 5 Assail; 11 Rameses; 12 Optic; 13 Equipoise; 16 Giantess; 19 By the way; 22 Essen; 24, 14 and 17 Keeping an ear to the ground; 26 Riser; 28 Titular; 29 Equated; 30 Struts; 31 Used cars. DOWN: 1 Tadpoles; 2 Comet; 3 Loincloth; 4 Nest egg; 6 Sum up; 7 Abscissas; 8 Lasses; 9 Trauma; 15 Rhymester; 18 Intrudes; 20 Wagers; 21 Yankees; 23 Skates; 25 Islet; 27 Sitka.

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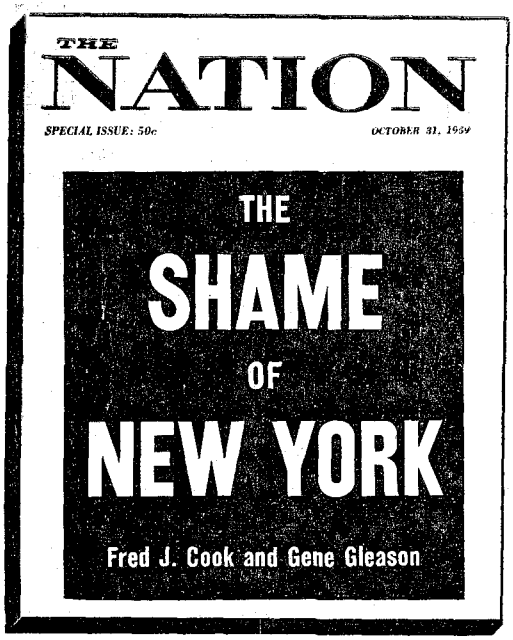

IMPACT!

- ***Oct. 24:*** ***Barry Gray, WMCA***
- ***Oct. 25:*** ***Walter Winchell, WOR***
- ***Oct. 26:*** ***The New York Times***
  United Press International
  Staten Island Advance
  Barry Gray, WMCA
- ***Oct. 27:*** ***The New York Times***
  Mike Wallace, WNTA-TV
- ***Oct. 28:*** ***The Village Voice***
  Walter Winchell, Daily Mirror
- ***Oct. 30:*** ***Prof. W. Kunstler, WMCA***
- ***Oct. 31:*** ***Leon Pearson, NBC-TV***
- ***Nov. 1:*** ***Mike Wallace, WNTA-TV***

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